



Knives to grind, Razors or Scissars
to grind?

O Thou, whate'er thy name, in blest
abodes,
Who grind'st the Knives of Jove and
all the Gods,
Smooth let my Verses flow as oil, or
rather,
Like thine own Razor-Strap of greazy
leather;
Sharp be their edge, as edge of
sharpest knife,
That in these moral pages to the life
I may descry, and closely trim each
truth,
And be the Whetstone to the rising
youth.